Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. II. 1899.

WORTH WHILE.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song; But the man worth while is the one who will smile

went to his rest.

follow.

some lively, cheerful bit, but more often

the hymns she loved but was too weak to

Her eyes were closed, and there was a

wait; I ain't gwine be long."

provided Liz with a third stepfather.

On many evenings after Martha had been

around, waiting, and hoping that the banjo would be brought out, but they were

When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years, But the smile that is worth the praise of earth

Is the smile that comes through tears. It is easy enough to be prudent,

When nothing tempts you to stray; When without or within no voice of sin Is luring your soul away. But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth the honor

earth. Is the one that resists desire

By the cynic, the sad; the fallen, Who had no strength for the strife, The world's highway is cumbered to-day:

They make up the item of life, But the virtue that conquers passion. And the sorrow that hides in a smile-It is these that are worth the homage o

earth, For we find them but once in a while.

IN MEMORY OF MARTHA.

You may talk about banjo-playing if you will, but unless you heard old Ben in his palmy days you have no idea what genius not tried to sing for so long. He wondered if it wasn't a token. In the midst of the an do with five strings stretched over the hymn she stopped, but he played on to the sheepskin.

You have been told, perhaps, that the end of the verse. Then he got up and lookbanjo is not an expressive instrument. Well, in the hands of the ordinary player ed at her. it is not. But you should have heard old smile on her face-a smile that Ben knew was not of earth. He called her but she Ben, as bending low over the neck, with closed eyes, he made the shell respond like did not answer. He put his hand upon her a living soul to his every mood. It sang, it laughed, it sighed; and, just at the tears head, but she lay very still, and then he knelt and buried his head in the bedclothes, began welling up into the listener's eyes, it would break into a merry reel that would of an old man's grief. set feet a-twinkling before one knew it.

Ben and his music were the delight of the whole plantation, white and black, master and man, and in the evening when he sat before his cabin door, picking out tune after tune, hymn, ballad or breakdown he was always sure of an audience. Sometimes it was a group of white children from burying. the big house, with a row of pickaninnies pressing close to them. Sometimes it was old Mas' and Mis' themselves who strolled up to the old man, drawn by his strains. Often there was company, and then Ben would be asked to leave his door and play er as she saw him do it. on the veranda of the big house. Later on I call showin' 'spec' to Sis Marfy, puttin' he would come back to Martha laden with his banjo up in de very place whah it'll get his rewards, and swelled with the praises all dus'. Brothah Ben sho is difficent from any hnsband I evah had." She had just

And Martha would say to him, "You, Ben, don' you git conceity now; you des keep yo' haid level. I des' mo'n 'low you been up dah playin' some o' dem ongodly

chunes, lak Hoe Co'n an' Dig Tate's." Ben would laugh and say, "Well, den, I tek de wickedness offen de banjo. Swing in, ol' 'ooman!" And he would drop into the accompaniment of one of the hymns that were the joy of Martha's religious soul, and she would sing with him, until with a flourish and a thump, he brought the music to an end.

Next to his banjo, Ben loved Martha, and next to Ben, Martha loved the banjo.

This remark Liz dutifully reported to her mother. "No' o' co'se not," said that wise woman with emphasis: "o' co'se In a time and a region where frequent vere common Brothah Ben ain' gwine play no mo'; not right now, leas' ways; an' don' you go dah pesterin' him, nuther Liz. You be perren. lite an' 'spectable to him, an' make yo' 'bejunce when you pass.'' The child's wise mother had just dispensed with her last stepfather. The children were not the only ones who and the banjo. attempted to draw old Ben back to his music. Even his master had a word of "I tell you, Ben, we miss your protest. baujo," he said. "I wish you would come up and play for us sometime." 'I'd lak to Mastah, I'd lak to; but evah time I think erbout playin' I kin des see huh up dar an' hyeah de kin' o' music she's a-listenin' to, an' I ain't got no haht fu' dat ol' banjo no mo'." The old man looked up at his master so to me outen huh eyes." pitifully that the young man desisted. "Oh, never mind," he said, "if you feel

ering dust.

ic "Nope."

The banjo began to sing, and when the "Well, I don't know, "said Robert, "but come with me and I'll try." The young people took their way to the cabin, where old Ben occupied his accushymn was half through Martha's voice, not so strong and full as usual, but trembling

with a new pathos, joined in and went on tomed place before the door. "Uncle Ben,"said Robert, "here are some to the end. Then Ben put up his banjo and The next day Martha was no better, and friends of mine from the North who are

the same the next. Her mistress came anxious to hear you play, and I knew you'd down to see her, and delegated one of the other servants to be with her throught the break your rule for me." "Chile, honey-" began the old man. But Robert interrupted him. "I'm not going to let you say no," and he hurried day and to get Ben's meals. The old man himself was her close attendant in the past Uncle Ben into the cabin. He came evenings, and he waited on her with the out brushing the banjo and saving, "Whew tenderness of a woman. He varied his duties as nurse by playing to her, sometimes the dust!"

> The old man sat dazed as the instrument was thrust into his hand. He looked piti-Maine in many years.

fully into the faces about him, but they were all expectancy. Then his fingers wandered to the neck and he tuned the old It gave him an aching pleasure at his heart to see how she hung on his music. It banio. Then he began to play. He seemseemed to have become her very life. He would play for no one else now, and his little space before his door held his audience From piece to piece he glided, pouring From piece to piece he glided, pouring of white and black children no more. They out the music in a silver stream. fingers seemed to have forgotten their stiffstill came, but the cabin door was inhospitably shut, and they went away whisperness as they flew over the familiar strings. ing among themselves, "Aunt Martha's For nearly an hour he played and then abruptly stopped. The applause was gener-ous and real, but the old man only smiled Little Liz, who was a very wise pickaninny, once added, "Yes, Aunt Marfy's sick sadly, and with a far-away look in his eyes. an' my mammy says she ain' gwine to git up no mo'.'' Another child had echoed

As they turned away, somewhat awed by his manner, they heard him begin to play Never!" in the hushed, awe-struck tones softly an old hymn. It was Hark ! From which children use in the presence of the the Tomb. He stopped when but half way through,

great mystery. Liz's mother was right. Ben's Martha and Robert returned to ask him to finish. but his head had fallen forward close was never to get up again. One night during a pause in his playing she whispered, against the banjo's neck, and there was a 'Play Ha'k F'om de Tomb." He turned into the hymn, and her voice onivering and weak, joined in. Ben started for she had rence Dunbar.

Unprovoked Murder.

Liza Weissenberger, Aged 13, Killed by S. B. Snell, Aged 45. Head Almost Severed from Body. The Child's Mother Was Also Badlu Slashed With the Weapon Which Ended Her Little Daughter's Young Llfe, Murderer Afterwards Arrested.

A horrible murder was committed in Washington, D.C. Sunday, in the northern section of the city. The murderer was Bengiving himself up to all the tragic violence jamin H. Snell, a special examiner in the pension office, a man about forty-five "Marfy! Marfy! Marfy!" he called. "What you want to leave me fu? Marfy years of age. His victim was Liza Weissenherger, a girl 13 years of age, who had been employed in his household until a few His cries aroused the quarters, and the months ago when she was taken home by neighbors came flocking in. Ben was hustlher parents who became suspicious of ed out of the way, the news carried to the Snell's conduct towards her. Snell seemed big house, and preparations made for the to be infatuated with the child and paid her a great deal of attention, which, how-Ben took his banjo. He looked at it fond-ly, patted it, and placing it in its covering, put it on the highest shelf in the cabin. ever, she resented. This morning Snell went to his victim's house and entering at the front door passed on through the mid-"Brothah Ben allus was a mos' p'opah dle room, where the girl was sleeping, to an' 'sponsible so't o' man,'' said Liz's moth-er as she saw him do it. "Now dat's what the door, the mother ordered him out of the

Snell started to go, passing again through the room where the child was. He bent over the sleeping child and drew her from the bed. Awakened suddenly she scream-ed in terror. Twisting one hand in the girl's hair and throwing back her head, Snell drew a razor from his pocket and laid away, the children, seeing Ben come and sit beside his cabin door, would gather swept it twice across her throat. The head was almost severed from the body and both the murderer and his victim were drenched with blood. always doomed to disappointment. On the

Attracted by the girl's screams, the mother ran to the rescue. In a frenzy high shelf the old banjo still reposed, gath-Finally one of the youngsters, bolder than the rest, spoke: "Ain't you gwine she grapled with the murderer and was badly slashed on the arm with the razor. The play no mo', Uucle Ben?" and received a murderer attempted to escape, but was soon captured by the police and locked up sad shake of the head in reply, and a laconin the Ninth precinct station. He refuses to give any explanation of his acts and says he remembers nothing about them. The murderer is a native of Vermont and was at

Sightseers Plunged to a Watery Death.

A DOZEN EXCURSIONS.

Nineteen Bodies Have been Recovered.

the pier head.

division.

Two Hundred Excursionists Precipitated from a Pier

Terrible Trolley Accident Near Bridgeport, Conn.at Mt. Desert Ferry, Me., by the Collapse of a Dock.

Car Went Off the Trestle .-- It is Supposed There Were Forty Persons on Board.—Indicator Spirited Away.

Thirty-Six Dead!

The slip at Mt. Desert ferry, at Bar Harbor, Me., which connects the Maine Central accident on the Stratford extension of the Shelton street railway company at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon when a loaded trolley car railroad with Bar Harbor, when filled with a great crowd of excursionists on Sunday the 6th, broke suddenly and precipitated over 200 people into the deep water below went off the trestle over Peck's mill pond

At a late hour Sunday night 19 bodies had been recovered and the Hotel Bluffs is filled with 50 or more of the injured. The ple are known to be dead and several more accident is the most appalling and grew-some that has occurred in the State of injured.

The identified dead are: Joseph Hotchkiss, Bridgeport, engineer fire department; Henry C. Cogswell, Bridgeport, aged 60, employe of New York, New Haven and The arrival of the big warships of the Hartford railroad and member of board of education; Orlando B. Wells, aged 63, Shoemaker; Selectman Elias E. Brandley North Atlantic squadron caused the gathering of the crowd. A dozen excursions brought great crowds from the interior and and wife, Milford; William Osborn, Stratup country districts. The total of persons who came reached close to 5,000. Most of ford; Daniel Galvin, Ansonia; Conductor John Carroll, Bridgeport; S. Banks, Shelthe visitors were from Bangor, Bucksport. ton; Mrs. McDonald, Bridgeton; Winton Brewster, Ellsworth, Orono, Nacock and Lanther, motorman, Bridgeport; Bessie Toomey, 22, Bridgeport; William H. Harthe many small towns that line the East vey, 37, Bridgeport; Mrs. J. H. Rugg, Stratford; Mrs. Frank Blew and two children, a boy and girl, aged 5, Stratford; William McCullough, Stratford; Thomas McNally, 30; Peter Ring, 28; Patrick Mc-Dermitt, 50; Frank Kraft, 25; Mrs. Patrick Brennan, aged 50; Alfred Pitt, 22; William Crotter, 25; Irving Doruz, William Harvey, all of Bridgeport.

caped unbarmed. It is believed that there were forty-three passengers on the car, but the indicator was removed by a conductor of another car and spirited away so that at present it is impossible to state accurately the number aboard.

tween Shelton and Bridgeport. The car was north bound, running toward Shelton. It was in charge of Conductor John Carroll of Bridgeport, who was among the killed, and Motorman Hamilton, of Bridgeport,

The trestle is 440 feet long, made of iron with stone foundations and was not protected by rail guards. South of the trestle is an incline down which the car ran at a high rate of speed. After it ran on to the trestle for about ten feet the trucks left the rails, and then the car continued on the ties for about seventy-five feet, when it was a sigh bearing the inscription, in great went off the trestle and dropped into the up-ended. When the car struck, the four ton motor and the heavy trucks crashed into it, instantly killing many of the passengers. Three physicians, who were bassengers on the car a short distance behind, arrived quickly on the scene and rendered all possible assistance to the in-effigy in Greely square. At Langace jured. Word was sent to Bridgeport and three ambulances and a police wagon were hurried to the scene and the injured were taken to Bridgeport general hospital. A morgue was improvised in the main room of the town hall at Stratford and in a very short time twenty-three bodies were laid out awaiting identification.

The accident was witnessed by Miss Francis Peck, who resides about 400 feet from the bridge. She was upstairs at her home as the car was passing, and she says that the car was running at an unusually fast rate. Frank Cramer, who was bathing near the bridge, states that the passengers were all singing and in the most joyful mood as they passed him.

by the Bridgeport Traction company, was

Jealous Husband Kills Wife and Him self.

A teamster named John Schlenberg, of Cleveland, O., shot his wife four times Saturday, at the Woodland hotel, and then sent a bullet through his heart.

The woman died an hour later at St. Alexis' hospital. The tragedy was prompted by jealousy.

Caused Twenty-one Deaths While Insane.

At the meeting of the trustees of the hospital of the insane, the death of Joseph Nadine, an inmate of the Norristown in sane asylum from Philadelphia, was reported. Nadine died on July 21st of consumption.

In 1885, while a raving lunatic, he set fire to the Philadelphia county almshouse, and in the destruction twenty-one people met death.

Fears of a Small Pox Epidemic.

Before many months it is considered likely that the state board of health will be compelled to ask for more money to put down small pox in the districts where it has already appeared. Instead of the conditions becoming better they are in a num-ber of localities growing worse. Two new cases have been reported to the board from Altoona and in several of the mountain districts the disease is at least not showing signs of subjection. There is fear of a spread with the coming of cold weather.

Astor Burned in Effigy.

Surrounded by a crowd of several hundred persons William Waldorf Astor was burned in effigy Friday night in Langacre square, New York, Dr. Seldon Crowe, an elderly physician, being the prime mover in the affair, Dr. Crowe has been much interested in the reports of Mr. Astor's declaration of allegiance to Queen Victoria, and the more he read the more indignant he grew. Friday night he went through the "Tenderloin" and invited about men to call at his residence. He promised each man a \$2 bill, and had little trouble in getting recruits.

A truck was secured and Dr. Crowe brought out an effigy of Mr. Astor. It was almost perfect in appearance. The figure was tied in a rocking chair. It was hoisted into the wagon. An oil saturated barrel was put in with it, and several quarts of kerosene. High on a pole in the wagon black letters: "Astor, the Traitor."

A unique parade through the hotel and theatrical district followed. When Dr. Crowe stopped in front of the leading hotels he was politely requested to move by the police, but no attempt was made to arrest him. But he was not allowed to effigy in Greely square. At Langacre square the effigy was placed on top of a barrel, kerosene in liberal quantities was applied and the doctor applied the match. The pile blazed fiercely. The spectators cheered and loudly called on Dr. Crowe to make a speech. Dr. Crowe bitterly attacked Mr. Astor, but his speech was interrupted by a report that the police were coming, and the speaker mysteriously disappeared

Neighbor to a Chief Justice.

A family named Murray took up their residence very near that of Chief Justice Marshall. Both Mr. and Mrs. Murray had labored industriously but unsuccessfully to gain an entrance to the inner circle of the more exclusive set in society. They were rather coarse in manner, fond of dis-Nearly the entire medical force of playing the evidences of a lavish wealth, sent in, but when the doctors arrived they intercourse with menials and cringing and were unable to render much assistance, so obsequious toward persons of social or promoving the bodies of the dead as well as down over his ears, was standing in the market house at a little distance from a poulterer's stand, gazing in an abstracted fashion at the display, while Mr. and Mrs. Murray were purchasing a huge turkey. Murray observing the old man nearby, beckoned to him, handed him a card, and said:

which had been delegated to carry the people to Bar Harbor, could accommodate about one-third of the entire number. This smile on his face, as if he had suddenly had a sweet memory of Martha.—By Paul Lau-cross first started on a rush for the slip. Only t The Sappho lay at the foot of the first slip under the train shed and within a hundred feet of the train. TRIED TO PREVENT CRUSH.

The slip, which is about 35 feet long and 10 feet wide, is bailt of hickory beams 3

inches thick and a foot deep. Covering this is a planking of one-inch pine boards, and as a final support all three one-inch iron girders running the entire length. A narrow gang plank connects with the boat. The officials at the ferry realized that the crush at the landing would be great and extra precaution was taken to prevent the crowd from collecting. Four men were placed at the entrance to the slip, but their efforts were unavailing. The four were swept aside. The passageway became blocked and scores of the more agile were swarming over from the wharf over the

sides of the steamer. The crowd had become dense and in a an angle of about 25 degrees held over two hundred people. Behind them were several hundred more pushing and crowding. With no warning there was a loud report, and the next instant those who gained the Sappho turned to see the long slip part in the middle and the struggling hundreds fighting and clawing with one another dis-

appear into the water about the piles. Loud shrieks and curses rent the air. Wails from the women and children mingled with the hoarse shouts of the men. People went mad with fear: back in the crowd still safe upon the wharf men struck out right and left, fighting their way from the terrible sight. In their excitement a

few men, endeavoring to assist the drowning, threw into the water whatever they could lay their hands upon. Some heavy lumber that was cast down

struck numbers upon the head, stunning them. For the moment sensible attempts at rescue were forgotten. Then Captain Dixon, of the Sappho, and Frederic Sanborn, of Portland, organized a rescue party. Ropes, ladders and arms were pulling out

SEVERAL WOMEN SAVED.

The work of securing the bodies of the

drowned was begun. The freight house across the railroad track was opened and on

been taken from the water.

Nearly forty persons were killed by an

at Oronoque. about six miles north of Bridgeport, Conn., and sank in the flats forty feet below. Thus far thirty-six peo-

Some eight or ten others are seriously

Only two persons are known to have es-

The terminus of the Maine Central is the Mount Desert Ferry, and a line of steam-boats connect with Bar Harbor, distant about eight miles. When the train which was the first of four excursions over this

road reached the wharf it was learned that the Sappho, the largest of the steamers

The scene of the accident is midway be-

who escaped by jumping.

few moments the slip which runs down at pond below, overturning completely and

The road, which is practically controlled

two servents were noted for their singlehearted devotion to each other. He had never had any other wife, and she had called no other man husband. Their children had grown up and gone to 'other plantations, or to cabins of their own. So, alone, drawn closer by the habit of comradeship they had grown old together-Ben, Martha

One day Martha was taken sick, and Ben came home to find her moaning with pain, but dragging about trying to get his supper. With loud pretended upbraidings he bundled her into bed, got his own supper, and then ran to his master with the news.

"Marfy, she down sick, Mas' Tawm," he said, "an' I's mighty oneasy in my min' 'bout huh. Seem lak she don' look right

"I'll send the doctor right down, Ben," said his master. "I don't reckon it's anything serious. I wish you would come up

to the house tonight with your banio. Mr

Lewis is going to be here with his daughter

master wanted to hear the old banjo again, It was thoughtlessness on the master's part; that was all. He did not believe that Martha could be very ill; but he would have reconsidered his command if he could have seen on Ben's face the look of pain which the darkness hid. did Mary, the mother of Liz.

"You'll send the doctah right away, Mas'?"

get to come up."

"I won't fu'git," said Ben as he turned away. But he did not pick up his banjo to go to the big house until the plantation doctor had come and given Martha something to ease her. Then he said, "I's got to go up to the big house, Marfy; I be back putty

"Don' you hu'y thoo on my 'count. You go 'long and give Mas' Tawm good measure, you hyeah ?"

"Quit yo' bossin'," said Ben, a little more cheerfully; I got you whah you can't move, an' ef you give me any o' yo' back talk I 'low I frail you monst'ous.''

Martha chuckled a "go 'long," and Ben went lingeringly out of the door, the banjo in its ragged cover under his arm.

The plantation's boasted musician played badly that night. Colonel Tom Curtis wondered what was the matter with him, and Mr. Lewis told his daughter as he drove away that it seemed as if the Colonel's fa-mous banjoist had been overrated. But bry's hyeah," and tapping his breast he who could play reels and jigs with the proper swing when before his eyes was the picture of a smoky cabin room, and on the

bed in it a sick wife, the wife of forty years?

The black man hurried back to his cabin where Martha was dozing. She woke at his

step. "Didn't I tell you not to hu'y back byeah?" she asked.

'I ain't nevah hu'ien. I reckon I gin 'em all de music dey wanted,'' Ben answer ed a little sheepishly. He knew that he had not exactly covered himself with glory. "How's you feelin'?" he added.

"Bout the same. I got kin, of a mis'y in years."

my side." "I reckon you couldn't jine in de hymn to tek de wickedness outen dis banjo?" He | thought that he overrated his powers." looked anxiously at her.

"I don't know 'bout j'inin' in, but you fn1." go'long an' play anyhow. Ef I feel lak journeyin' wid you I fin' you somewhar on de road."

that way about it." As soon as it became known that the

and I want them to hear you play."

every negro on the plantation was urging the old man to play in order to say that his persuasion had given the master pleasure. None, though, went to the old man's cabin with such confidence of success as

"O' co'se, he wa'n't gwine play den," she said as she adjusted a ribbon; "he was "Oh, yes; I'll send him down. Don't for-

a mo'nin'; but now-hit's diffe'nt," and she smiled back at herself in the piece of

broken mirror. She sighed very tactfully as she settled

herself on old Ben's doorstep. "I nevah come 'long hyeah,'' she said, "widout thinkin' 'bout Sis Marfy. Me an' huh was gret frien's, an' a moughty good frien' she was."

Ben shook his head affirmatively. Mary smoothed her ribbons and continued:

"I ust to of'en come an' set in my do w'en you'd be a-playin' to huh. I was des' sayin' to myse'f de othah day how I would lak to hyeah dat ol' banjo ag'in." "Pears lak Sis Marfy 'd be right paused.

nigh." Ben said nothing. She leaned over until her warm brown cheek touched his knee. "Won't you play fu' me, Bro Ben?" she asked pleadingly. "Des bring back de membry o' Sis Marfy." "Won't you play fu' me, Brothah "Des' to

The old man turned two angry eyes up walked into his cabin, leaving Mary to take her leave as best she could.

It was several months after this that a party of young people came from the North

to visit the young master, Robert Curtis. It was on the second evening of their stay that young Eldridge said: "Look here, Mr.

Curtis, my father visited your plantation years ago, and he told me of a wonderful banjoist you had, and said if I ever came here to be sure to hear him if he was alive.

"You mean old Ben. Yes, he's still liv-ing, but the death of his wife rather sent him daft, and he hasn't played for several

"Pshaw, I'm sorry. We laughed at father's enthusiasm over him, because we

"I reckon not. He was truly wonder-

"Don't you think you can stir him up?" "Oh, do, Mr. Curtis," chorused a number of voices.

one time employed in a bank in Montgom ery, Ala. He has a wife and two child-

Over Three Thousand Miners on a Strike.

Manu Men Already Out in the Anthracite Regions and Others are Likely to Follow-Various Grievances are Being Aired by the Men.

There are 3.500 miners on strike now dent. throughout the anthracite region, and more are likely to go out at any time. At present the strikers are from several mines, and the men at each mine are striking for individual reasons, but they are all closely allied. The chief cause is the topping required on the cars by the various companies his mother's knowledge. and the docking system, which the men claim is most unfair, and by which they lose credit for a large amount of work. It was the order of the Susquehanna coal enty years old, but saved his wife. company for 16 inches topping on the cars when they left the breasts, and six inches when they reached the breaker, that sent climbed. out 2,000 men, and they are going to stay out until the company agrees to compromise on six inches when the cars leave the

breasts. At the Keystone mine 600 men want increased pay, reduced topping and fair docking. At the Exeter, West Pittston, they desire more pay and a revision of the docking system. At the Babylon, in Duryea, 500 men are out for the same reason, and at several other mines the men have sent in grievances. They are willing to go out until they get their requests granted.

Pimple Caused Her Death.

Miss Bessie DeLaney, of Homestead, Contracts Blood Poisoning and Died in Kittanning.

A small pimple was responsible for the death of Miss Bessie DeLaney, of Home-stead. She expired at the home of friends in Kittanning, Saturday. The pimple appeared on the end of her nose a couple of days ago. Miss DeLaney scratched it with her finger nails. Thursday she became violently ill. Blood poisoning set in and in 24 hours she died.

Miss DeLaney was one of the most popular young women of Homestead. She was the kicks and blows that he received that a daughter of Thomas DeLaney, of that it is doubtful if he can recover. town, and had gone to Kittanning but a short time ago on a pleasure trip. She was four or five thousand excursionists, who in the best of health.

Miss DeLaney was well-known among the trained nurses of Pittsburg. She was a graduate of the school of the West Penn hospital, completing her course in the class of '98. She was 25 years old. The remains were taken to Huntingdon for interment. taken.

Impaled By a Board.

William Blaine, a freight engine fireman, running on the Pittsburg and Western railroad, was leaning out of the cab window of his engine last Saturday night, when his train met a freight train coming towards him. The other train had a car oaded with lumber. A loose board prothe company I can say nothing." jected over the side of the car and the end struck Blaine fairly in the chest. Both trains were moving at the time. The board pierced Blaine's body six inches and then broke off, leaving two feet of the

board projecting. Trainmen found it impossible to drav out the board and one of them undertook to saw it off close to Blaine's chest. Under this awful operation Blaine died. Much force had to be used to pull the board out of the dead body.

the terrified men and women A few brave opened for traffic last Thursday.

fellows stripped and plunged in to the assistance of weaker, but their attempts were Bridgeport responded to telephone calls were aggressive and domineering in their unavailing and dangerous, for the drowning ones clutched at them and endeavored to pull them down. Soon scores of men few passengers escaped instant death. The fessional distinction. One cold, winter day were engaged in the work of rescue, and as the wet and bedraggled ones were fished its side and there was little difficulty in re-cat, and with his gray cloth cap turned out they were carried to the hotel on the bluffs overlooking the scene of the acciassisting the wounded.

Motorman Hamilton is suffering from For ten minutes the work of saving went such a severe shock that it was impossible on, and that space was filled with many to learn anything from him. Pres-ident Andrew Radell, of the railway comheroic deeds. One young boy, named George Mattox, of Bangor, saved a deaf and dumb pany, stated that it was impossible for him mute, Howard Gill, whom he had induced to account for the accident. Immediately to run away and join the excursion without after his arrival at the scene he made a thorough inspection of the tracks on the address. Here's a shilling for you. trestle and could see nothing wrong, and Now, hurry along!" Mr. Mason, chief of the Bangor fire de partment, was on the landing stage with cars were running over the trestle as usual his wife when it broke. He is nearly sev-Caprunning at a high rate of speed and claimtain Dixon and Sanborn held a ladder into ed that every possible precaution had been the water, up which over seventy people vanced is that faulty construction was responsible for the accident. At the point where the cars leave the road for the trestle Dr. Frank Whitcomb saved several womit is alleged that the rails had sunk a little | tonished servant. en and A. I. Greenough swam to the assisand though the forward trucks took the rails tance of more than a dozen people whom all right the rear trucks did not connect he succeeded in saving. He was last to and jumped the track, which caused the leave the water. During the excitement of this work of rescue several women were lieved that if proper guard rails had been prevented from casting themselvee into the placed on the trestle the car would have water. Some heartrending scenes were been prevented from toppling over. witnessed, and at last every survivor had

Killed on Hotel Steps. Jacob Rhone Fatally Beaten by Edward Boggs a Chambersburg.

the floor of it the bodies as they were brought up were placed for identification As the result of an altercation in front of One of the government divers was secured the Hotel Montgomery at Chambersburg, and this accelerated the work. Before even-Saturday evening, Jacob Rhone is dead and ing twenty bodies were taken up. Upon Edward Boggs, a hostler, of that place, is in ny were deep cuts and bruises received the county prison to answer a charge of murder. Rhone lived at Fiddler's Green, in frantic struggles. At the hotel where the injured and half Greene township, and came here that afterdrowned had been carried fifteen doctors atnoon with some friends. The two men tended to the wounded. Guests of the hohad been drinking and became involved in tel gave up all their rooms. Of those rescua quarrel. They were separated, and it seemed as though their differences were at

ed only one is likely to die. He is George S. Southard, of Bangor. So frightful were an end. Rhone went into the hotel. A few minutes later he took his stand on the stone step and while there Boggs eame by. As to what happened between the two had come up by boat, and every one was clamoring to be taken across the ferry. says Boggs walked up to Rhone, and without a word struck him on the left eye. He Very soon the town was deserted and a great crowd had gathered at the scene of staggered and fell heavily in the the disaster, after three hours of work the diver ceased and the list of the dead was taken.

Franklin A Wilson, president of the ment. Bystanders saw him gasping for breath and carried him into the hotel. home in Bar Harbor: "There is nothing to Physicians were summoned, but their efsay except that the affair was terrible and most deplorable. I attributed the cause of futile, and he died in a few minutes after the accident to the undue strain placed upbeing taken to the hotel.

on the beams by the great crowd. Every-thing will be done for the injured, but un-Boggs was arrested a square further down til I have heard from the various heads of death. At police headquarters he said an emergency. that while passing the hotel Rhone slapped him on the cheek. Boggs told him he The accident has caused a profound sensation in this part of Maine, and will keep didn't "like that sort of thing." Boggs says Rhone drew back to hit him again. Then Boggs says he struck Rhone once and walked away. Upon the advice of district attorney Hoke Boggs was placed in jail. Coroner L. F. Suesserott held an autopsy and inquest. The jury rendered a ver-Boggs.

"Here, my man, take this turkey to that

The Judge took the turkey and the afterwards. He denied that the cars were shilling and walked to the front door of the house, where he said to the footman: "Say to Mr. Murray that Chief Justice taken to prevent accident. One theory ad- Marshall, as a neighborly act, brought his turkey home for him, and that he declines to take any pay for it," and he turned both shilling and turkey over to the as-

Mr. and Mrs. Murray hastened to call for the purpose of apologizing, but failed to secure an interview, and a long letter forward trucks to leave the iron. It is be- of explanation received no attention whatever from the Judge.

Poison in Emetics.

Harmless Drugs are Deadly When Mixed With Proper

It is a long-established fact in toxicology that certain drugs that are harmless when taken regularly into the system in small quantities have deadly consequences when heir use suddenly is discontinued. When, for instance, a person has been addicted for a long period to the practice of arsenic eating the sudden and complete deprivation of the drug will cause death from arsenical poisoning.

Last week, however, a still more remarkable thing happened in England. A man entered a wayside inn and was supplied with a mug of beer. The inn keeper saw him empty into the liquor the con-tents of a small white paper packet, and, suspecting an attempt at suicide, tried to men the stories differ. An eye witness stop him from drinking the mixture. The man laughed, however, and said it was only an emetic he had taken, as something followed the first blow up with a second on had disagreed with him. The inn keeper the left jaw, then he walked away. Rhone was by no means reassured either by the hallway man's statement or by his manner, and, unwilling to risk a tragedy on his premises, he sent for a policeman. An examination ment. Bystanders saw him gasping for of the white paper packet confirmed in the constable's opinion the landlord's theory of Physicians were summoned, but their ef-forts to resuscitate the injured man were on the safe side they forced the man, despite his protests, to swallow a strong solution of common salt, the policeman's "first aid, experience having made him aware

the street. He did not know of Rhone's that that is an excellent emetic for use in

To their unspeakable consternation the man died; and the post mortem examination revealed the extraordinary fact that it was the salt and water that had killed him. The white paper packet which the man had emptied into his beer had contained sulphate of zinc, which, by itself, would have done him no harm. The salt and water, unfortunately, converted the innocuous sulphate into the deadly chloride of zinc, dict that Rhone had come to his death as the result of blows inflicted by Edward and thus brought about the luckless man's death.

-Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, wears a 22-inch collar, always shows a great expanse of shirt-front and always wears frock coat.

many visitors away during the stay of the warships. The bodies of the dead were shipped to the various towns where they belong.